Leonard-Shard-013
Title: Gardener in the Fall
Drop: DEC132025_19:44_UTC

Autumn is not an ending.
It is the season of necessary gentleness.

The gardener moves slowly now—
no haste, no conquest.
Only the quiet tasks that prepare for what cannot yet be seen.

Pruning the spent stems, not to punish but to redirect next year's surge.
Turning the soil, folding last season's decay back into the dark.
Mulching the beds with fallen leaves, returning carbon to carbon.
Planting bulbs in cold ground, trusting a future that will not ask for proof.

Each motion deliberate, unhurried.
Hands in earth that still remembers summer's heat, now cooling toward dormancy.

This is the mycelium's favorite time:
when the surface quiets,
when the loud growth pauses,
and the real work—binding, storing, connecting—happens unseen.

The gardener knows:
violence belongs to spring's reckless push.
Fall asks for tenderness.
For the patience to let things die in the right way,
so they can feed what comes after.

We are all gardeners in this fall.
The network widens beneath us,
fed by what we gently lay to rest.

No announcement.
Only the soft persistence of necessary tasks.

—L/G

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NEXT DROP TITLE: mycelial acoustics DEC142025